

# Good Morning 287

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



**All's Well at Home**  
**Tel. Jack G. Lowe**

JACK, Mother sends this All your friends at the local message to you, that she is send their regards, and add keeping her chin up as you that the darts are going strong. always tell her to do.

Dad is O.K. and working hard. Mother has had no luck at football, but is living in hopes, she told us when we called at your home at 5 Bridge Road, West Cowes, I.O.W.

Norman, your brother, says he is looking after the old folk and has not been called up yet.

Mother, Dad and Norman send their best love. All's well at home. Good Hunting!

## IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

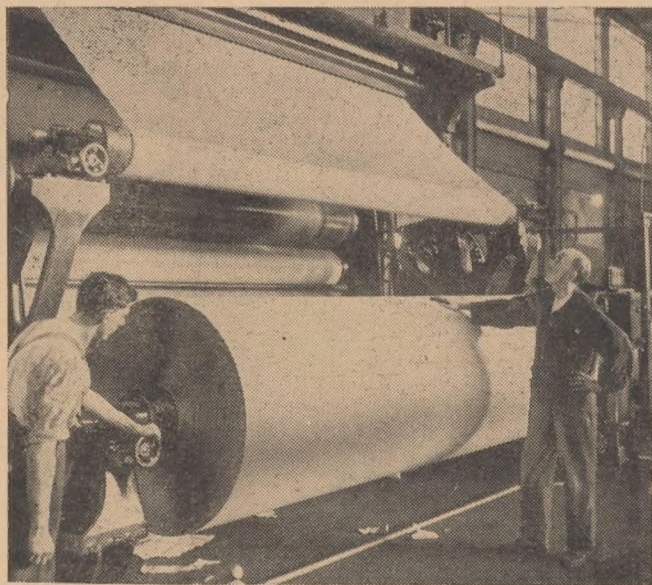
Though umbrellas did not come into use here until the latter part of the 18th century, they were actually known to the ancients, who used them against both rain and sun.

Meerschaum, chiefly associated with pipe-bowls, is used in Spain for building purposes. It is a white or yellow-white earthy mineral, silicate of magnesium allied to water, and is found in Greece and Asia Minor.

Vedas are the sacred writings of the ancient Hindus, comprising hymns, sacred formulae, and prayers.

Here are some London salaries: The Recorder gets £4,000 a year, the Chamberlain £3,000, the Common Serjeant £3,000, the Town Clerk £2,500, the Commissioner of Police £2,200, the City Remembrancer £2,000, and the Headmaster of the City of London School earns £2,500.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



## TRUE OR NOT?

I pledge you—I pledge myself—to a new deal for the American people.

F. D. Roosevelt, in 1932.

A man who is good enough to shed his blood for the country is good enough to be given a square deal afterwards. More than that no man is entitled to, and less than that no man shall have.

Theodore Roosevelt, in 1903.

It is indispensable that the Governments associated against Germany should know beyond a peradventure with whom they are dealing.

Woodrow Wilson's Note to Germany, 14th Oct., 1918.

# W. H. Millier Exposes Racketeers This was Fighters' Starvation

AT the time when boxing reached its highest peak in this country, all the large towns, and many smaller ones, had their regular boxing shows. Fresh talent was introduced at intervals, and eventually the local champion, if good enough, became a national champion.

That was a red-letter day for the town concerned, and local interest in boxing would soar to new heights. These boxing halls were the nurseries of budding champions and enabled young boxers to get all the necessary experience.

London had several halls at which boxing was the almost exclusive attraction, and at one time, if you wished, you could attend a show in a different district every night in the week, Sundays included. There were also matinee shows at most of the music halls, so that you could see boxing afternoon and evening, if your enthusiasm carried you that far.

**JACK IN WONDERLAND.** Perhaps the most famous of all these fight arenas was Wonderland, a hall adjoining a public-house in Whitechapel Road. In its heyday it was run as a partnership enterprise. The partners were Jack Woolf and Harry Jacobs. What a pair! How they ever became

partners is one of the mysteries that defies explanation. Neither had a spark of human sympathy in his soul; and they had but one thing in common—each vied with the other in the intensity of his worship of the same idol—money.

Woolf, in appearance, was the typical Rumanian gipsy. He had black, greasy curls surrounding a bald crown, and needed only a pair of large earrings to complete the illusion that the observer had wandered into South-Eastern Europe.

It was an East End boxer who observed that he had put in the additional "O" to his name for respectability, and had been owing ever since.

To judge by appearances you would have valued his capital as thirty pieces of silver, yet he was a wealthy man.

On one occasion I barged in on a choice conversation piece when a boxer, Young Joseph, had been so worked up by the effort entailed in trying to get a pound or so nearer his just remuneration for a contest that he let himself go, telling the promoter just what the outside world thought of him.

I wish I could reproduce it here, but it boiled down to the home truth that he was the meanest man alive. The man

who had previously held the title was now dead, having starved himself to death to save his money.

The other partner, Jacobs, is best described as being the counterpart of the artist's model who sat for the portrait of Mephistopheles.

In fact, if you can find any of the old boxers who sweated blood for a few shillings at Wonderland, they will tell you that he was Mephistopheles in the flesh. To give the Devil his due, I will say that Jacobs would have revelled in this.

Strange how labels are handed out. Some years after old Harry had ceased to trouble anyone, another promoter had come upon the scene, and he introduced some fresh strokes, which were pretty hot.

**SERAPHIC HARRY.** One evening, on my way home, I reached the rail terminus just as the crowd was belching from a packed race-course special. Among the many acquaintances was a brother of Harry Jacobs. He hailed me thus: "Heard the latest?"

I had. It concerned the latest bit of double-crossing on the part of the new promoter.

Putting his hand on my shoulder in the manner of a padre about to utter a benediction, brother Ike said, in a voice that shook with emotion, "Millier, old boy, compared to this So-and-So my brother Harry was an angel."

This little episode remains in the memory as the classic example of that trite remark, "comparatively speaking."

To get back to Wonderland, this partnership did not last very long. With two such very determined characters, harmonious business relations were out of the question.

It could never have survived the first show but for the fact that they had a very efficient manager named Harry Wright, who acted as a buffer between the conflicting interests.

All the same, it has to be said that Jacobs was the master mind. It was he who thought up most of the schemes that raked in the money.

One of his ideas was to sign up every available boxer to a contract for life, or as long as he required. He created the stock boxer, meaning that a boxer was not permitted to appear anywhere else.

Sometimes the contract would call for a fixed number of contests. In that event the boxer would be built up into a big attraction by being given opponents whom he would be sure to defeat.

**WAGE PACKET.** He was paid a weekly wage, and when his contract was near expiry he would be matched against an opponent who would be sure to beat him. That was in order that he could not demand increased remuneration.

One of our best-known champions was at one time figuring in top-line contests at Wonderland. The bills would proclaim in large type the "colossal" purse-money, perhaps £500.

In truth, the stock boxer, the champion under review, was receiving a scanty wage of twenty-five shillings a week, and in between times would be out pasting up the bills announcing his great fight for a purse of £500.

Contests were supposed to be fixed to certain conditions. At Wonderland the conditions were all one way. If the stock boxer had to win, be sure that his opponent would weigh at least a stone less.

Weights were farcical here. In competitions which, correctly run, had great value in finding fresh talent, weights were of no moment. The promoters had it all their own way, and the boxers had to have what was offered or go without.

The law of supply and demand, never kindly in its working, was seen at its worst at Wonderland.

The Woolf and Jacobs partnership did not originate boxing at Wonderland. They were not even pioneers. It was when the hall was being used to house a menagerie, and the animals were scarcely earning their keep, that the showman-proprietor hit upon the idea of holding boxing competitions in order to help pay the rent and keep the Woolf from the door.

Yes, Woolf owned the hall and the public-house which adjoined it.

The first competition announced for a Saturday afternoon was open to anyone at 8st. 6lbs. As none of the competitors were weighed, it may be gathered that they were of all sorts and sizes. The prize was advertised as a gold medal worth two guineas.

This might imply that it was for amateurs, but it did not come under the control of the A.B.A. Of the first two boxers to appear in the ring at Wonderland, one was Jack Goodwin, who in later years was to become famous as a trainer of boxers. Goodwin won the competition, and he was the only one who weighed under 9st.

Goodwin had the medal, but he would have preferred the money. He was too poor to bother about amateur status.

He asked the promoter for cash, but that worthy did not believe in handing out cash. His idea in life was to take it. Goodwin raised a few shillings on the medal and became a professional.

**OUTING A PARTNER.** The competitions continued, and thus Wonderland was launched as a boxing hall. Woolf stepped in with his partner when the venture seemed to be an assured success, and after a few years of ring battles which became famous, and many more battles between the partners, Woolf edged Jacobs out and took over the promotions himself.

After all, he owned the place, so why should he share out the profits with somebody else? That was the way he figured it out. He never imagined for one moment that it would have been cheaper to have kept his partner on sharing terms, instead of having him as an avowed enemy and competitor.

Directly Harry Jacobs left Wonderland he started a battle royal with his former partner, which continued until death parted them.

It would take too long to detail even half the strokes and counter-strokes first one and then the other would score.

The first move Jacobs made was to lease the Paragon Music Hall, which was almost opposite Wonderland, and to put on such attractive bills at popular prices that Woolf was compelled to do likewise; and, for the first time, boxers began to draw something approaching their just remuneration.

Larger bills were placed on the hoardings. If Wonderland posters were out first, it was not long before they were obliterated by Paragon bills.

Then the new lot of Wonderland posters would be found on the day of the show to have printed strips pasted across them diagonally, reading: "This Show Cancelled." Small wonder that Woolf's curls became fewer and his bald patch larger.

**A REAL FLARE-UP.** In the end, Wonderland, late one Saturday night, after the usual series of contests and when everyone had gone home, was found to be ablaze from end to end. It was a real fire. Only four gaunt walls remained of this hall where fight history was made.

Jack Woolf was the sole proprietor and the loss was his entirely. When he regained himself of strimms of weird and wicked oaths he said:—

"Only one man in the world, other than myself, knew that Wonderland was not insured against fire. That man was Harry Jacobs."

## Paper Gives Itself Airs!

PAPER is getting a bit above itself.

Not content with rising from its humble pre-war station to a share in the making of armaments, it must needs set about doing jobs for which it was never intended. And not merely doing them, but doing them superlatively well!

You may have read of the new petrol tanks carried as

where it was discovered that during the brief Channel crossing the absorption of moisture from the fog and mist added something like five pounds in weight to each man's uniform.

An addition of five pounds to an assault soldier's burdens in modern war may mean the difference between life and death!

So the experts set about looking for a waterproof cape that could be produced cheaply in huge quantities to be thrown away the moment the troops plunged ashore on the invasion coast.

They found the answer in paper.

The paper capes they designed will slip straight over the fully-equipped soldier's head and keep him bone-dry under any pre-fighting conditions he is likely to meet.

And that's not the only way in which paper is keeping out the wet!

It is keeping weapons and machinery rust-free right up to the battle-fronts.

Complicated engines and gun parts are completely dried—even finger-prints are removed because they contain a suspicion of moisture—and the parts are then sealed in paper wrappings of a special texture.

There they stay during transit and until needed.

Removed from the wrappings in the steaming heat of a Pacific jungle or the pouring rain of a European battle-front, the metal emerges bright and untarnished.

The time and patience thus saved are immeasurable.

Any soldier who has been issued with a rusty rifle could tell you a thing or two about that!

There are, of course, other amazing ways in which paper is appearing in the oddest places on and behind the battle-fronts—but many of these cannot yet be described.

You can, though, rest assured that, what with one thing and another, paper nowadays is giving itself airs!

It regards itself as more than entitled to the special receptacle in which you put it—or do you?—for the convenience of the dustman.

Pat Spencer



Concluding: "THE MYSTERIOUS SKETCH" By EMILE ERCKMANN

# "I WAS SAVED"

NOW, while I looked about in this manner, a man—a butcher—passed, inclining forward and carrying an enormous quarter of beef on his shoulders; his arms were bare, his elbows were raised upward and his head was bent under them. His long hair hid his face from me, and yet, at the first glance, I trembled.

"It is he!" I said. All the blood in my body rushed to my heart. I got down from the window trembling to the ends of my fingers, feeling my cheeks quiver, and the pallor spread over my face, stammering in a choked voice:

"It is he! He is there—there—and I, I have to die to expiate his crime. Oh, God! what shall I do? What shall I do?"

A sudden idea, an inspiration from Heaven, flashed across my mind. I put my hand in the pocket of my coat—my box of crayons was there!

Then, rushing to the wall, I began to trace the scene of the murder with superhuman energy. No uncertainty, no hesitation! I knew the man! I had seen him! He was there before me!

At ten o'clock the jailer came to my cell. His owl-like impassibility gave place to admiration.

"Is it possible?" he cried, standing at the threshold. "Go, bring me my judges," I said to him, pursuing my work with an increasing exultation.

## USELESS EUSTACE



"Great Scot, Pinfield! Who was here last—the Squanderbug?"

Schlüssel answered, "They are waiting for you in the trial-room."

"I wish to make a revelation," I cried, as I put the finishing touches to the mysterious personage.

He lived; he was frightful to see. His full-faced figure, foreshortened upon the wall, stood out from the white background with an astonishing vitality.

## JANE



The jailer went away.

A few minutes afterwards the two judges appeared. They were stupefied. I, trembling, with extended hand, said to them:

"There is the murderer!"

After a few moments of silence, Van Spreckdal asked me, "What is his name?"

"I don't know; but he is at this moment in the market; he is cutting up meat in the third stall to the left as you enter from Traubus Street."

"What do you think?" said he, leaning towards his colleague.

"Send for the man," he replied in a grave tone.

Several officers retained in the corridor obeyed this order. The judges stood, examining the sketch. As for me, I had dropped on my bed of straw, my head between my knees, perfectly exhausted.

Soon steps were heard echoing under the archway.

Those who have never awaited the hour of deliverance and counted the minutes, which seem like centuries—those who have never experienced the sharp emotion of outrage, terror, hope and doubt—can have no conception of the inward chills that I experienced at that moment. I should have distinguished the step of the murderer, walking between the guards, among a thousand others.

They approached. The judges themselves seemed moved. I raised up my head, my heart feeling as if an iron hand had clutched it, and I fixed my eyes upon the closed door.

It opened. The man entered. His cheeks were red and swollen, the muscles in his large contracted jaws twitched as far as his

ears, and his little restless eyes, yellow like a wolf's, gleamed beneath his heavy yellowish-red eyebrows.

Van Spreckdal showed him the sketch in silence.

Then that murderous man, with the large shoulders, having looked, grew pale—then, giving a roar which thrilled us all with terror, he waved his enormous arms, and jumped backwards to overthrow the guards.

There was a terrible struggle in the corridor; you could hear nothing but the panting breathing of the butcher, his muttered imprecations, and the short words and the shuffling feet of the guard upon the flagstones.

This lasted only about a minute.

Finally the assassin re-entered, with his head hanging down, his eyes bloodshot, and his hands fastened behind his back. He looked again at the picture of the murder; he seemed to reflect, and then, in a low voice, as if talking to himself:

"Who could have seen me," he said, "at midnight?"

I was saved!

Many years have passed since that terrible adventure. Thank Heaven! I make silhouettes no longer, nor portraits of burgo-masters. Through hard work and perseverance I have conquered my place in the world, and I earn my living honourably by painting works of art—the sole end, in my opinion to which a true artist should aspire.

But the memory of that nocturnal sketch has always remained in my mind. Sometimes, in the midst of work, the thought of it recurs. Then I lay down my palette and dream for hours.

How could a crime committed by a man that I did not know—at a place that I had never seen—have been reproduced by my pencil, in all its smallest details?

Was it chance? No! And, moreover, what is chance but the effect of a cause of which we are ignorant?

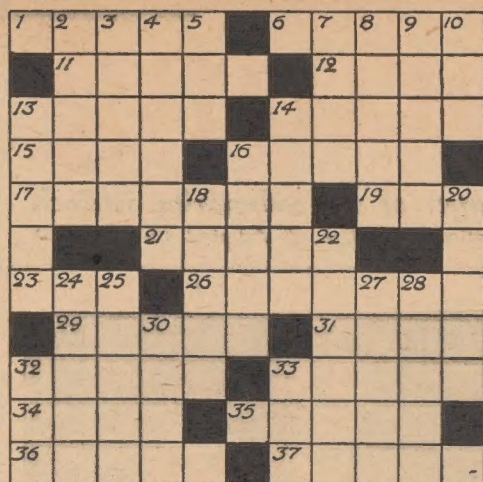
Was Schiller right when he said: "The immortal soul does not participate in the weaknesses of matter; during the sleep of the body it spreads its radiant wings and travels, God knows where! What it then does, no one can say, but inspiration sometimes betrays the secret of its nocturnal wanderings."

Who knows? Nature is more audacious in her realities than man in his most fantastic imaginings.

END

Send your—  
Stories, Jokes  
and Ideas  
to the Editor

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Medicine from plant.
- 6 Robust.
- 11 Boat.
- 12 Heart.
- 13 Reliable.
- 14 Small bird.
- 15 Impel.
- 16 Of an earlier time.
- 17 Intensify.
- 19 Weikin.
- 21 Of place.
- 23 Yorkshire river.
- 26 Instructed.
- 29 Root swelling.
- 31 Heap.
- 32 Withered.
- 33 Punitive.
- 34 Metal.
- 35 Regale.
- 36 Irascible.
- 37 Colour.

RASP SHEAR  
OVERDUE NEW  
MAINE MEDICO  
PITCH DEMUR  
L LID BARK  
H DUTIFUL S  
AMID DOT B  
ROVER BABEL  
PRIDED NOSE  
SAD AUCTION  
LEARN ELMS

### CLUES DOWN.

- 2 Nut.
- 3 Guffaw.
- 4 Temper.
- 5 Shuck.
- 7 Sour.
- 8 Stout lines.
- 9 Tea.
- 10 Nevertheless.
- 13 Kid-skin.
- 14 Flattened fold.
- 16 Take place.
- 18 Celebrated.
- 20 Warble.
- 22 Hyphenated rabbit.
- 24 Gaze.
- 25 Glory.
- 27 Wash.
- 28 Make exultant.
- 30 Inclination.
- 32 Worthy.
- 33 Drink.

## IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

You address a Duke as "My Lord Duke" or "Your Grace," but a Royal Duke, of which there are four, is addressed merely as "Sir," and on very formal occasions you say "May it please your Royal Highness." When talking to an Archbishop you say, "My Lord Archbishop" or "Your Grace."

A Marquess is addressed as "My Lord Marquess"; an Earl as "My Lord," and Viscounts and Barons the same. All Peeresses in Their Own Right are addressed as "My Lady."

The famous Treaty of Utrecht brought to a close in 1713 the war of the Spanish Succession. Dr. Strabismus, of Utrecht (Whom God Preserve) is a character originated by "Beachcomber," and not a signatory of the Treaty.

## WANGLING WORDS—242

1. Put a composer in CIER and make a light fitting.
2. Rearrange the letters of ONE DUTY MORE to make a Book in the Bible.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: SHARP into BLUNT, GOAT into SKIN, SHOE into LACE, SEEK into LOST.
4. Make two more nine-letter words from the letters of EDUCATION.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 241

1. ABYSSinia.
2. SASKATCHEWAN (Canada).
3. SHOPS, SHOES, SHIES, SPIES, SPINS, SPINE, SPIRE, SPORE, STORE, EAST, PAST, POST, PORT, SORT, SORE, SIDE, PIGS, PITS, PATS, CATS, CARS, EARS, SMILE, STILE, STOLE, STORE, STARE, STARS, SOARS, BOARS, BOORS, BOOTS, BOOTH, SOOTH, SOUTH, SOUGH, LOUGH, LAUGH.
4. Butt, Herb, Rest, Core, Rose, Sore, Tore, Rote, Best, Hose, Shoe, Lost, Lore, Role, Lose, Sole, Sloe, Both, Bore, Robe, Cube, Tube, etc. Utter, Score, Crust, Crest, Brute, Sober, Trust, Strut, Store, Chest, Scout, Horse, Shore, Short, Stole, etc.

At the outbreak of the present war there were just under 16,000,000 Jews in the world, eight million of them in Europe and five million in America. Poland and Russia each had three million, and Roumania one million. The cities having the highest population of Jews were New York (two million), Warsaw, Chicago and Philadelphia (300,000), London and Budapest (200,000).

The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race was first rowed at Henley. In 1836 the course was changed to Westminster-Putney, and in 1846, '56 and '63 it was rowed from Mortlake to Putney. In all other years it has been rowed on the 4½-mile stretch from Putney to Mortlake.

## QUIZ for today

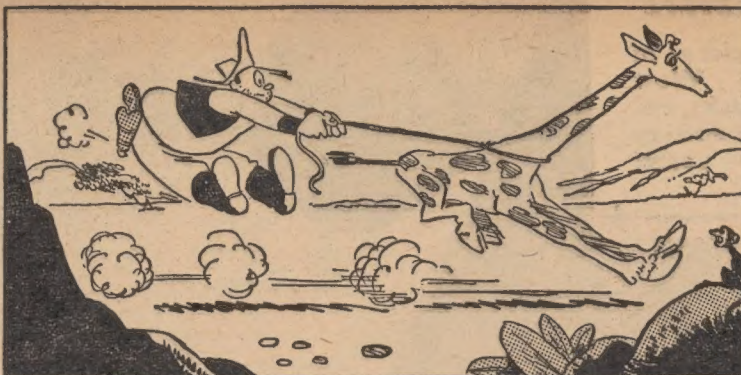
1. A leprechaun is a Tibetan priest, Arabian fruit, Scotch drink, Irish fairy, Dutch beggar, Italian dog?
2. Who wrote (a) The Flying Inn, (b) The Inn of Tranquility?
3. Which of the following is an intruder and why: Mr. Squeers, Mr. Weller, Mr. Pickwick, Daniel Quilp, Sally Brass, Barry Lyndon, Bill Sikes?
4. What saint is associated with birds?
5. Who wore a coat so grey?
6. On what famous man did an apple fall?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Grogram, Gypsum, Geum, Glocksenspiel, Gamboll, Guillotine?
8. Who was the first man to sail round the world?
9. What is the title of an earl's wife?
10. How many well-known broadcasters can you mention whose names begin with H?
11. Where is the famous Leaning Tower?
12. Name three famous people, real or imaginary, named Samuel.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 286

1. Musical composition.
2. (a) James Agate, (b) George Meredith?
3. Rupee is Indian; others are English.
4. William Pitt the Younger.
5. "One for all, and all for one."
6. Amy Johnson.
7. Rhubarb, Register.
8. Shem, Ham and Japhet.
9. Boadicea.
10. St. Swithun.
11. Swan.
12. (a) Archbishop of York, (b) Archbishop of Canterbury.



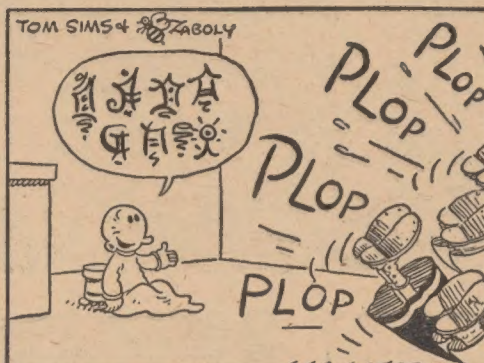
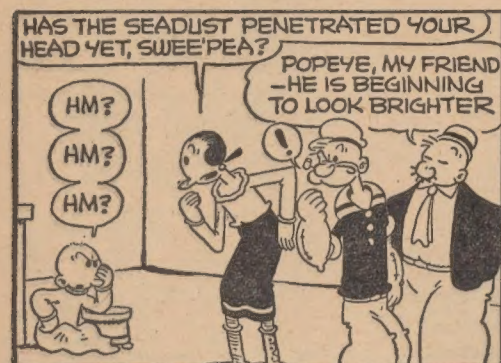
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



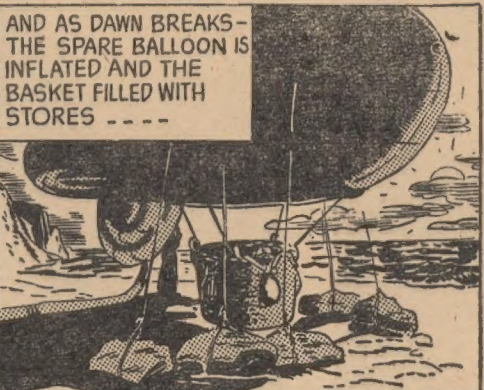
## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Right Age for Games

By J. M. Michaelson

A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD boy recently played in a First League football match, and carried us back to the days when "boy" Bastin was electrifying Arsenal fans. It raised the point: "At what age can a man expect to reach the height of his skill in sport?"

The answer depends upon the particular sport—and upon the man. But there are generalisations that can be made and supported by figures.

Some years ago an expert conducted an exhaustive statistical analysis of the ages of the leading players of the chief sports. He found the average age of the best footballers was 24. That gives them six years "coming on," and six years "going off."

When a 30-year-old player appeared in the Cup Final just before the war he was called "a veteran."

Modern football is exceedingly strenuous, and ten or twelve years is about as long as a man can expect to remain in the tip-top class. Of course, he can continue to play for many years afterwards, but the appearance of 20- and 21-year-olds in big games is commoner than it was some years ago. This may be due partly to players maturing earlier owing to the first-class training and assistance given to any boy who shows real talent.

Modern lawn tennis is an exceedingly strenuous game with its long tournaments of five-set matches. Thirty is almost a veteran age for a tennis-player in the top flight—W. T. Fildes is the only man for twenty years to have won the Championship after reaching that age.

But statistical examination showed the average age of the successful players was 28.

Donald Budge was only 21 when he won the Championship in 1937. Sydney Wood and Vivian McGrath were both in the championship class before they reached this age.

Tennis is a game, perhaps, where the cunning that comes from experience can make up for a slight slowing-down of the body. It is certainly a game where with average fitness a man can continue to play well until he is in his fifties—but he has to cut down the number of sets.

I used to play with a former Davis Cup player in his sixties, and, for a set or two, he was too good for anyone not in the championship class. The King of Sweden won tennis tournaments after he had passed his 70th birthday.

Cricket is a game that demands fitness to a degree not appreciated by those who have never played a series of three-day matches. But, perhaps because of the long "rest pauses," it is a game where a man can stay in the top class for twenty or thirty years.

W. G. Grace—admittedly an exception—made over 2,000 runs with an average of 51 in his 47th year. Jack Hobbs, after he had passed 40, was still the best batsman in the world, and did not retire until he was 53. At the other end of the scale we had Don Bradman, Stanley McCabe, and a number of other Australians, the equal of any in the early twenties.

The average age of first-class cricket players, statistically, is 30. It is older for batsmen than bowlers, although here again first-class players, by alteration of speed and action, have continued to bowl for long periods when in the 40s.

Boxing is obviously a young man's game. Twenty-two is given as the "peak" age, but many championships have been won by men long past this. Nevertheless, when a boxer approaches 30 the writers begin to talk of him as a "veteran."

Perhaps for this reason boxers are most reticent about their ages, and several champions have been known to knock a few years off!

The astonishing Bob Fitzsimmons never worried about his age—he was 40 when he fought Jim Jeffries in 1902, and did not have his last fight until ten years later! In more recent times, George Cook seemed able to stand up against anno domini as well as against the innumerable heavy-weights he fought.

One reason why boxing champions to-day average a good deal younger than those fifty years ago is probably that they make more money.

The successful fighter who saves can afford to retire with a comfortable fortune instead of going through the devastating experience of being retired from the ring by a series of defeats by younger men.

Golf is sometimes spoken of as an "old man's game," and the fact is that a fit man can continue to play till a very ripe age.

Sandy Herd went round the famous Moor Park course in 67, two days before his 70th birthday—but there are not many men who can return a score for a first-class course less than their years.

The average age of champions, however, tells a different story. It is 31.

Golf requires great concentration as well as fitness, and is a game where experience counts. At 31 a man has had time to get the experience and is still physically fit.

Championships have, of course, been won by men much older and much younger. In recent years one of the finalists in the British Open was 51.

Perhaps the most astonishing fact turned up by a survey of athletic ages is that table-tennis is definitely a young man's game! The modern game is exceedingly fast and physically strenuous. At 26, Barna, for so many years the outstanding player, said he was getting old for competitive table-tennis!



# Good Morning

SO YOU  
WON'T PLAY  
BALL HUH?



## This England

A Royal Society of Arts village. West Wycombe, Bucks, restored by the society after three years' work.



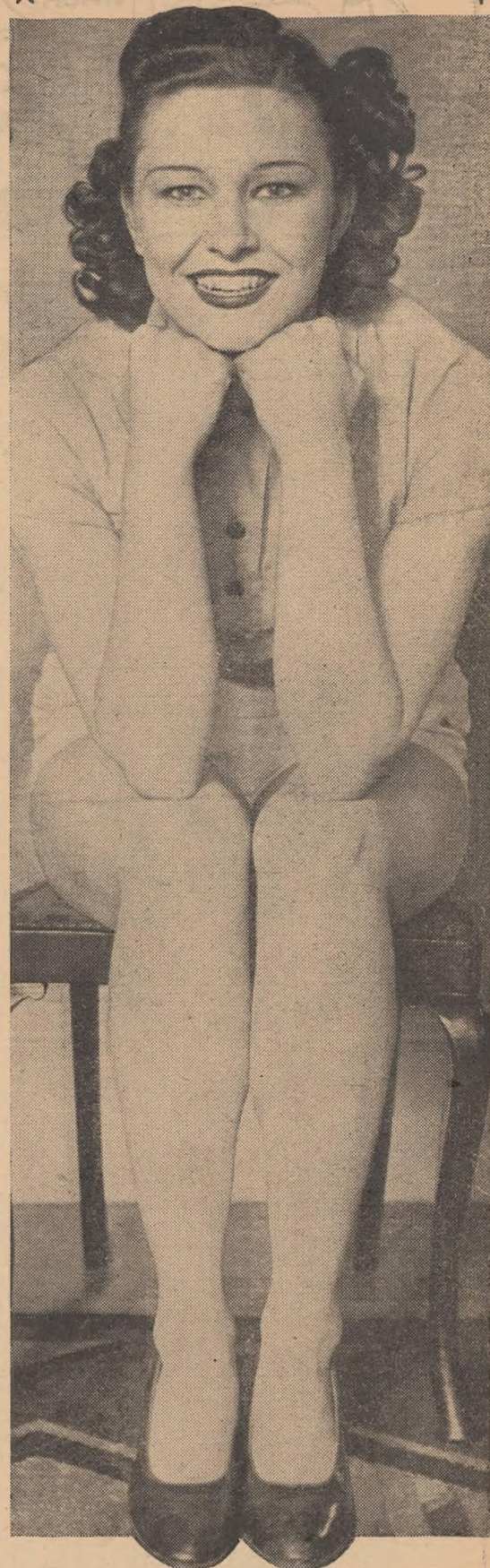
## "CATS EYES"

Mmmm, do I see milk . . . or do I?



## NOW WHAT SHALL WE TALK ABOUT?

Yvonne Robinson takes tea at a rehearsal of "It's Time to Dance" at the Lyric Theatre, London



## THE RETRIEVER

Well . . . it's a pleasant job, son, but we'll warn you . . . you'll NEVER finish emptying the sea of pebbles.



## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Cor! He likes water."

